A Misunderstanding and a Murder

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A Misunderstanding and a Murder

by Dormchi

Summary

Will still has the gun pointed at Hannibal and there are tears gathering in his eyes now. In the interest of appearing non-threatening, Hannibal knows he should put the knife down and soothe his omega, reassure him that this child is as much Hannibal's as it is Will's and that he would never harm it, because doing so would only hurt Will.

Instead, Hannibal says the unthinkable and he can't take it back.

"Why shouldn't I remove it from you to prevent it from poisoning us?"

Notes

So, this is my first attempt at writing Hannibal and Will. I finally watched the entirety of the show just a few weeks ago and I've been consuming Hannigram fanworks like crazy because these two have r u i n e d me. The show was just becoming popular when I had reached the end of my interest in the Supernatural fandom and some part of me wishes I hadn't ever watched it. But I did and here we go.

Set in an Alpha/Beta/Omega verse where everything from the show still happened and after their fall into the Atlantic, they decided to relocate to Belize. No clue why I chose Belize, it just seemed appropriate.

The working title for this was The Time Hannibal Said The Wrong Thing and Then Murdered Someone to Apologize. Entirely unbeta'd, so apologies for any glaring mistakes.

“If you move, I will shoot you.”

Hannibal blinks once, twice, exhales softly and raises his hands slowly in a measured gesture of surrender. In his right hand is the knife he’d been using moments before to slice into a delicate cut of beef.

Before him stands the man he loves, a revelation that in itself changed Hannibal’s understanding of himself and his entire world. Will Graham, the man he loves, is holding a Sig Sauer P226 in a stance very reminiscent of the time he held a gun on Hannibal in the Hobbs’ kitchen so many years ago. The difference now is that Will is six months pregnant and he’s holding a gun on Hannibal in the kitchen of their villa in Belize.

Hannibal knows where Will got the gun and where he keeps it. Even now in his early fifties, he can still stalk and observe someone well enough without them knowing. He didn’t say anything to Will about it at the time, allowing him this safety net for whatever reasons Will saw it as necessary. In the interest of keeping a fragile peace, Hannibal asks anyway.

“Where did you get a gun, Will?” His voice is calm, like he’s speaking to a skittish animal.

Will’s eyes narrow and Hannibal thinks he most likely chose the wrong thing to say. “You don’t get to ask questions right now, Hannibal.”

Hannibal nods and keeps his hands raised innocently. Will seems to be deciding something internally, and perhaps it’s whether or not to end Hannibal’s life with a cold, impersonal *bang.* After Will tipped the two of them over the cliff with the intent to end both of their lives and they miraculously survived, Hannibal had thought they were well beyond trying to kill each other.

Apparently not.

The thought hasn’t crossed Hannibal’s mind in so long (really, he’s been on his absolute best behavior as far as avoiding the thought of opening Will up and consuming every part of him),

he’s not sure what in the world might have set Will off.

Until Hannibal impregnated him, Will thrived in the warmth of Belize and was a delight to be around: to wake up to a sunrise with, to cook elaborate meals with, to hunt and kill with, to fuck with reckless abandon or unhurried passion. He remembers the morning that he stuck his nose in those unruly brown curls and smelled something cloying and honeyed that had never been there before and he *knew.* Beyond all odds, he knew.

When Will awoke to Hannibal kissing his stomach and his ribs and nosing at his navel, he smiled like the sun.

The first six months went so smoothly, Hannibal was always waiting for the catch.

So here it is.

“Did you think I wouldn’t find it?” Will asks in a raw voice, breaking the heavy silence between them.

“Find what, *mylimasis*?”

“The room, Hannibal. The room outfitted with all the surgical equipment needed to deliver a goddamn baby via C-section, including an incubator. You have a secret room in our house hidden behind a fucking bookcase. When were you going to tell me about that, huh?”

Will’s blue eyes are darkened by fury and Hannibal inappropriately thinks that his omega is never more beautiful and transformed than when he’s enraged.

“We had this conversation, Will,” Hannibal offers, raising an eyebrow when Will’s finger twitches on the trigger.

“And I told you that I’m having my baby in a hospital.” Will’s voice is thick with rage and something akin to fear. The sound of it makes Hannibal’s chest ache in an unpleasant way. “You’ve lost your fucking mind if you think you’re coming anywhere near me to cut out this baby. I’ll kill you first.”

Those words in particular, *cut out this baby*, sound so much louder than the rest. Hannibal understands, even as Will’s blatant mistrust of his intentions feels like a knife shoved directly into his own belly. He had given Will a child once and then taken her away from him in a bout of petulant anger at Will’s betrayal. Why should Will trust him now, with all his unbalanced hormones and his protective instincts leading him to such a conclusion based on their past?

Regardless of his understanding, there’s anger building in Hannibal that he can’t quite tamp down, like an old friend that’s been away for years and refuses to go quietly. He doesn’t want to be angry with Will. He doesn’t want to hurt Will. Will had become exactly as Hannibal had hoped he would and the punishing swells of the Atlantic had baptized them both, forgiving them their sins and letting them begin again together.

“Consider your words carefully before you speak again,” Hannibal warns, warring with the desire to flee the room, the house, the country perhaps, at least for a while to calm himself, and the unquenchable, ever present thirst for Will's violence.

“I don’t know what’s worse: the fact that you left me with one working ovary and a damaged uterus and still somehow managed to knock me up or the fact that you think I would let you be the one to take it out of me.”

Will still has the gun pointed at Hannibal and there are tears gathering in his eyes now. In the interest of appearing non-threatening, Hannibal knows he should put the knife down and soothe his omega, reassure him that this child is as much Hannibal’s as it is Will’s and that he would never harm it, because doing so would only hurt Will.

Instead, Hannibal says the unthinkable and he can’t take it back.

“Why shouldn’t I remove it from you to prevent it from poisoning us?”

Will makes a strangled noise and fires the gun.

Before he does, his arm shifts almost imperceptibly, just an inch or so to the left. The bullet hits one of their very expensive custom cabinets instead of entering Hannibal's skull and Hannibal is certain that he hears dishes break inside even though his ears ring terribly.

"*Leave*." The word is clipped, said with such vehemence that Hannibal flinches a little.

Hannibal doesn't move. Instead, he looks at Will's face, his love's unfathomably pained expression and flushed cheeks, tears spilling from his eyes. He looks beautiful even like this.

"*I said leave!"* Will roars, grabbing a chair from their kitchen table and flinging it across the floor. It slides across the kitchen and skids to a stop near the pantry. "Fucking *get out* or I swear to God the next bullet won't miss."

Despite his anger, Hannibal concedes and carefully sets the knife down on the butcher's block. It's a shame that perfectly good meat might spoil, he thinks, but he has to let it go or risk an irreversibly violent encounter with the man that he intends to spend the rest of his life with.

Hannibal leaves the house without his phone or his wallet and without another word. He departs on foot from their lavishly appointed villa and walks out into the night without bothering to close the door behind him. As he's walking down the driveway, he hears the door slam and winces for it.

In his mind's eye he sees the encounter going a very different way, with Hannibal testing Will's promise that the next bullet won't miss. It doesn't end favorably for him, so he shakes it off and walks without purpose for twenty minutes down the street. There's an itch everywhere under his skin, a persistent buzz in his veins that he tries very hard to ignore, but it only makes him feel irritable and dissatisfied.

Hannibal makes it to a strip of bars near the beach and as he's walking past them lost in thought, a man stumbles into Hannibal and nearly sends the two of them to the ground.

“Watch where the fuck you’re going,” the man slurs, not bothering to look at Hannibal’s face as he corrects himself and heads towards one of the alleyways that leads to another street lined with bars and store fronts.

It’s a gilded invitation.

For the Hannibal of the past year, it’s a slight that he can let go of and move on with life.

For the Hannibal of this moment, his love for Will Graham burning him alive from the inside out… well. That Hannibal follows the man at a safe distance into the alleyway.

This is impulsive and reckless. Unplanned. Chaotic. Don’t do this.

It’s a long alley and it’s dark out. The man doesn’t notice as Hannibal stalks up behind him, curves the palm of his hand against the man’s skull and slams his head into the wall. He groans weakly from the impact and Hannibal does it again, with more force and conviction.

The man falls to the ground at Hannibal’s feet and he knows instinctively that he should stop there. As it is, this is an unfortunate accident. There’s almost no way that this can be traced back to him.

He feels for the folded knife in his jacket pocket, an unexpected gift from Will that he had found at a fishing supply store that Hannibal could never bring himself to use but could never really leave behind. Now it seems like the perfect tool and he’s glad he has it.

The man is still alive as Hannibal cuts into his stomach and not for much longer after that.

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When Hannibal returns home in the early morning, Will is curled up towards the end of their bed with the TV remote lying next to him. He has an arm laid protectively over the swell of his stomach and his face is puffy from crying, but he's sound asleep and snoring softly. Hannibal watches him for a few minutes, debating on whether to wake him or not, and also enjoying the peaceful vision of the man who held him at gunpoint last night.

"*A local man was found dead in San Pedro last night. The beta, Samuel Acosta, was found eviscerated in an alleyway with his intestines hung around his neck and his heart relocated to his stomach. Police are suspecting gang-related violence, but they aren't ruling out any other possibilities."*

It's not his best work.

Will seems to feel the weight of Hannibal's gaze on him and slowly wakes.

"Hannibal," Will sighs softly, looking up at him with red-rimmed blue eyes. He lifts his hand from his stomach and reaches out to grab Hannibal's fingers, a gesture that isn't wasted on the alpha.

Hannibal's entire being feels tender and sore like a wound that's barely begun to heal, yet he can't refuse Will anything. "I'm here, Will."

Will doesn't say anything, just tugs at Hannibal's hand. Hannibal follows that pull, gathers Will up in his arms and moves him up towards the pillows at the head of the bed. The moment Will's precious head hits the pillow, he moans tiredly and stretches the length of his body in a way that makes Hannibal's heart ache for the beauty of it.

"I'm sorry."

Hannibal spoons up behind Will and folds him in his arms, nosing at his favorite spot just at the hairline on the nape of Will's neck. He avoids touching Will's stomach for the time being, instead laying his hand over his hip.

“I’m sorry too, *mylimasis*.”

Will wiggles until he’s on his back and looks up at Hannibal with a winsome smile that feels like it could melt the alpha’s insides. Hannibal raises himself up on his elbow so he can better see Will’s face.

“It’s definitely not your best work,” Will says gravely, though the mirth in his eyes betrays him. “Lacking in subtlety. They think you’re a thug trying to start a gang war.”

Hannibal smiles and bows his head to kiss Will’s plush mouth. “I believe it conveyed my message to the intended audience.”

Will makes a soft noise of assent and his eyebrows knit together as he thinks.

“You smell like deck oil and the ocean.” Will’s nose twitches as he sniffs and scents his alpha. “I tried to wait up for you to come back, but I fell asleep.”

“I spent the night on the boat,” Hannibal explains, brushing his thumb over Will’s jaw. “I didn’t sleep. And I ruined a very nice suit.”

Will turns his face to smother his laugh against Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal basks in it, the sound of it a soothing balm on all of the raw, open parts of him.

“I should make us breakfast.”

Will frowns deeply and shakes his head. “Don’t you dare. You’re going to hold me so I can sleep properly.”

Unable to deny Will or his own exhaustion, Hannibal hums in agreement and shapes himself to the back of Will when he turns over. He holds Will a little tighter than he means to, but Will falls asleep just the same, breathing deep and even against the pillow.

When they both have had an adequate amount of sleep, Hannibal will explain to Will that the surgical suite was his own safety net. If the day came that their infamy caught up with them and Will was too far along to leave in a hurry, Hannibal had prepared himself to deliver their child if need be. Some prideful part of him had jokingly insisted when they spoke about the subject before that he should be the one to bring their miracle child into the world, not inept strangers who wouldn't be able to appreciate the magnitude of such a birth. Will hadn't taken that very well at the time, so Hannibal thought better of telling him about the hidden room.

"Dear Will," Hannibal wonders aloud into Will's mess of curls, "what have you done to me?"

There will be time after they wake to smooth over the frayed edges and make Will understand his intent. For now, Hannibal listens to the sweet sounds that escape Will as he sleeps and wonders how he ever lived without this capricious omega that he fell so irrevocably in love with.

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